

Geo. E. Stifel &amp; Co.

Geo. E. Stifel &amp; Co.

# Geo. E. Stifel & Co.

1154 TO 1160 MAIN STREET.

No Time Like the Present  
In Which to Buy Your....

## Wash Waists. Wash Skirts. Wash Suits.

### Shirt Waist Department

still replete with both style and colors  
in Lawns, Organdie, P. K., Zephyr  
and Madras Waists—

48c to \$4.98 Each.

### Wash Skirts.

Like the Shirt Waist Stocks are all that  
can be desired. The collection com-  
plete in sizes, styles, fabrics, etc.

Linen Crash Skirt.....39c and 48c  
Choice Heavy Welt P. K.....98c

We only quote these two styles, but we  
have a half hundred others, each and  
every one a Special Bargain.

# Geo. E. Stifel & Co.

Store closes at 5 o'clock, Except Saturday.

Geo. R. Taylor Co.

Geo. R. Taylor Co.

# GEO. R. TAYLOR COMPANY

## Reduction and Clearance Sale

IN  
Ready-to Wear  
Department....

90 White P. K. Skirts reduced 1-3 less than regular  
prices.  
36 dozen "Marquise" Shirt Waists reduced 1-3 less  
than regular prices.  
28 Linen Suits, choice for \$3.50, former prices \$10.00  
to \$15.00.  
12 Tailor Made Suits, choice for \$7.50, former prices  
\$22.00 to \$30.00.  
1 lot Black Cheviot Skirts ½ price.  
Children's White P. K. Jackets ½ price.

# GEO. R. TAYLOR COMPANY.

D. Sundling &amp; Co.

D. Sundling &amp; Co.

## \$6.87.

Those record-beating Suits which we are selling at

## \$6.87

have been a great success. We have added 76 more  
to the lot taken from \$12 and \$15 Suits, at

## \$6.87

till closed. Look at them; do not buy unless you  
are fully convinced of an unusual bargain. Such  
snaps do not come every day.

# D. Gundling & Co.,

## Star Clothiers and Furnishers,

34 and 36 Twelfth Street.

## ON INGERSOLL.

The Dead Agnostic was the Theme  
of Many Pulpit References

### REV. R. R. BIGGER'S SERMON

At the Third Presbyterian Church  
Last Evening—No Remarkable Vir-  
tue in Ingersoll's Performing the  
Duties of a Good Father and Good  
Citizen—Posterity Will Know him  
Only as a Platform Brilliant.

The passing away of Colonel Robert  
G. Ingersoll, the great agnostic, was  
referred to in several Wheeling  
churches yesterday, and furnished the  
theme for an able discourse last even-  
ing at the Third Presbyterian church,  
by Rev. R. R. Bigger, Ph. D., and  
which was heard by a large congrega-  
tion. Rev. Mr. Bigger had often ex-  
pressed the wish of speaking on Ingersoll's  
death. His sermon was as follows:

"They which have seen him shall say,  
where is he? He shall fly away as a  
dream and shall not be found."—Job  
20:7-8.

He is dead! Ingersoll is dead. There  
he lies in death's cold embrace, his  
hands folded forever across his pulse-  
less heart, every feature fixed as the  
cold marble—forever fixed. Not a sin-  
gle motion in the stiffened limbs, no  
ray of life in the dimmed eye. Not a  
word, not a look, not a smile can you  
extort. Nothing but unbroken silence.  
He lies voiceless, speechless, silent  
dust. "Man dieth and wasteth away;  
yea, man giveth up the ghost, and  
where is he?" The "rider on the white  
horse, whose name is death, has done  
his work, and that body lies before me  
in its shroud, a decaying mass of cor-  
ruption, soon to be consigned to the  
cold and silent grave.

Think of the loneliness in which  
it will be left. Think of the darkness  
in which it will be confined; the com-  
panions with which death will shut him  
up. "I have said to corruption thou  
art my father; to the worm thou art  
my mother, and my sister." Yes, the  
champion blasphemer of America is  
dead; and as our text says he and his  
influence "shall fly away as a dream  
and shall not be found." "There is no  
work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor  
wisdom in the grave whither thou  
goest." In a few years, all that remains  
mortal of this infidel who can hold in  
the hollow of your hand. "Surely the  
bitterness of death is past and his soul  
has been summoned into the immedi-  
ate presence of God. It has passed that  
boundary which can never be re-passed.

#### A Bleak Death.

Oh, this death is inexpressible sad to  
me. I don't know of anything that is  
darker; I don't know of anything that  
is colder, bleaker, more hopeless. It is  
the kind of a death that the infidel  
Hobbs died, saying "I am taking a  
fearful leap into the dark;" the kind of  
a death the French infidel, Voltaire,  
died, saying "I am abandoned by God  
and man. I shall go to hell;" or Mira-  
beau, whose last words were "Give me  
more laudanum that I may not think of  
eternity, and what is to come;" or  
Francis Newport, who spent and who  
taught the same blasphemies that In-  
gersoll spent his life in rehearsing;  
when death shook the scales of unbel-  
ief from his spiritual eye-balls, cried,  
"Oh, the insufferable pains of hell!" or  
the brilliant Altamont who said in his  
dying hour, "O, thou blasphemer, yet  
indulgent God, hell itself shall be a re-  
fuge if it shall hide me from thy  
frown." I know not what Ingersoll  
thought in his last feeble hours, but if  
he died as he lived, it was without God,  
without hope, without heaven, "a leap  
in the dark," without a moment's warn-  
ing, just as he wished it, and with no  
time, as Mirabeau desired, "to think of  
eternity and that which is to come."

There lies that form which but a few  
months ago stood erect and defied the  
God of Heaven. Gaze on those lips  
now dumb, which scoffed and mocked  
and jeered at the God of his dear Chris-  
tian mother. That same God which he  
mocked for the amusement of his au-  
diences, in sympathy with his views,  
said, "It is appointed unto man once to  
die," and no eloquence, no wit, no sar-  
casm of a puny infidel could stay its  
fulfillment, and so Ingersoll lies pro-  
strate to-night a corpse. A few years  
ago he stood before one of his charac-  
teristic audiences in Chicago, and tak-  
ing his watch from his pocket, said,  
"Now if there be a God, I will give him  
one minute to strike me dead. I defy  
the God of the Bible to do this." And  
then waiting in an awful silence, he  
said, "The time is up. There is no  
God," and then he scoffed and laughed  
and mocked at the idea of a God.

But in that same state of Illinois at  
Freeport, on November 29, 1896, after  
delivering a lecture, God did strike him  
with paralysis, from which he never  
fully recovered, and on last Friday God  
Almighty said, "Robert, your time is  
up," and the icy hand of death reached  
for the cords of life, his eyes showed  
white, his jaws set, and the clammy  
death sweat gathered on that splendid  
brow, which God gave him and to-night  
Ingersoll's body lies in state and his  
soul in the presence of the eternal and  
just God.

#### No Abuse.

God forbid that I should utter one  
word of abuse concerning this dead ag-  
nostic. Though he abused and ridicu-  
led the dead Moses that greatest law  
giver, though he satirized in stinging  
words his early home from the plat-  
form, leaving the impression that his  
reverend and dead father was at least  
a bigot, a tyrant and a fool, God forbid  
that I should stoop to abuse him as he  
lies there in his coffin before me. God  
forbid that I should pick up his own  
weapons of satire, ridicule, wit and  
bitter sarcasm which now lie idle where  
death bade him drop them, and use  
them against him, which I might  
justly do. But over Ingersoll's dead  
body, I do propose to tell the truth  
concerning his life and influence, and  
if this seems abusive he is to blame,  
not I.

Robert G. Ingersoll was a man of  
splendid physical appearance. The God  
whom he scoffed gave him the physical  
foundation for the making of a noble  
man; and in that well-developed sym-  
metrical brain was one of the brightest  
intellects of this age. He was brilliant,  
not profound. His name will never ap-  
pear in the long list of profound, erudite  
scholars of science and philosophy.  
But as a man of platform eloquence,  
wit, and sarcasm, we give him a place  
in the first rank of this age.

It has been well said, "he did not stop  
to deal with facts as they are, or to use  
the keen blades of thought and compas-  
sion." But his rare wit, his beautiful  
diction and his musical, flowery elo-  
quence, coupled with his boldness, his  
startling utterances and his power of  
shocking his hearers in the most sac-  
ered things made him a favorite with  
certain classes of people. In a word  
with all due respect to this dead agnos-  
tic let me say that the secret of his  
power before an audience consisted in  
"rhetoric and tomfoolery." Mr. Ingersoll  
was a kind and loving father and  
husband. Having been raised in a pas-  
sionate, the duties of love and kindness  
were taught him at his Christian moth-

er's knee. But in performing these du-  
ties there was no particular, remark-  
able virtue. The wild animals of the  
desert love their offspring, and the  
male will die in defense of his female  
mate, and the man who is not a kind  
and loving father and husband sinks  
beneath the level of the beasts in this  
respect, and does not deserve the name  
of either "father" or "husband."

#### No Credit Due.

Mr. Ingersoll deserves no particular  
credit for this, and the very fact that  
some men dwell on this characteristic  
of his life, shows that they rather ex-  
pected that infidelity would have the  
opposite effect on his life, which effect  
it, as a rule, has had on other men's  
lives. Why not dwell in particular on  
the fact that Moody is a kind and lov-  
ing father and husband? Because ev-  
erybody knows that his Christian life  
insures that. And I am truly glad that  
the tenderness and love bestowed upon  
Mr. Ingersoll in his early Christian  
home, resulted in the fringing of love  
and tenderness in his own home. I  
would not detract one iota from the  
beauty of his home life, but give him  
all the credit that is due him and thank  
God for it.

But in justice to the truth, but with  
regrets I must say he was not a model  
son. "Honor thy father and thy moth-  
er"—this he did not do. Dr. Talmage  
says: "It is insufferably mean that a  
man should throw a cloud of obloquy  
over the home of his childhood." I  
stand at the door of the sepulchre of  
that Christian mother, and cry out for  
justice from the infidel lecturer. O, un-  
grateful man, you are nothing to the  
bosom that nursed you, and the lips  
that prayed for you. By the birth  
pang that launched him, by the Chris-  
tian cradle that rocked him, by the sol-  
emn hour in which he was held up in  
the old country meeting house, while  
the minister of religion said: "Robert  
I baptize thee in the name of the  
Father, and of the Son, and of the  
Holy Ghost," why did he not, in all of  
his flowery oratory say something beau-  
tiful about his mother, his Christian  
mother, his sainted mother, at whose  
side he used to kneel and say his even-  
ing prayers?

Amid all the flowers of his rhetoric  
why did he not twist one garland for  
her memory? Why did he not tell us  
of the source of her goodness? How  
did religion seem to agree with her? He  
led his audiences to believe that his  
father was a tyrant and a bigot; but  
did the religion of Christ make his  
mother cross and sour and crabbed, or  
did it make her kind and loving and  
gentle and patient? Where is the Bi-  
ble? "As a pest to her life, dying  
hour?" Why no mention of the beau-  
tiful characteristics of this dear old  
mother, the best friend he ever had, for  
it is true that "a boy's best friend is  
his mother." Here was an opportunity  
for him to grow more eloquent than  
even at his brother's funeral. Ah, she  
was a Christian; he could not commend  
Christian characteristics, not even in  
his mother. Oh, how I wish that he  
had left one of his beautiful specimens  
of eloquence to her memory. Before  
many days I expect to stand by the  
graves of my dear father and mother,  
who "sleep in Jesus," on the summit of  
one of Ohio's beautiful hills in the lit-  
tle village of Bloomfield, and what a  
blessed thought it is to me that be-  
neath those two green mounds they lie  
side by side.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes."

Oh, how I wish that Ingersoll's chil-  
dren could say the same of him!

#### What He Taught.

And now what did this agnostic teach  
the world? Let me answer in the  
words of another, who said: "He taught  
that there is no known God, no heaven,  
no hell, no hereafter; that when you die  
that is the end of you; that at death  
you are committed back to the winds  
waves and elements like the beasts of  
the field or the reptile that crawls at  
your feet, and that we shall never meet  
again. Annihilation, destruction, dis-  
integration, nothingness, that is our  
only destiny. He taught that there  
never was a miracle; that the Bible is  
a friend to cruelty, of murder, of poly-  
gamy, of obscenity, of adultery, and of  
all sorts of base crimes. That the  
Christian religion is woman's tyrant  
and man's stultification; that the Bi-  
ble from lid to lid is a fable, an obscen-  
ity, a cruelty, a sham, a lie; that the  
martyrs who died for its truth were  
miserably duped; that the whole church  
of Jesus Christ is properly gazzeted as a  
fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, the  
skeptic, said 'The Bible is a noble  
book' he was dropping into impiety;  
that when Theodore Parker, the infidel  
declared in Boston, 'Never a boy or  
girl in all Christendom but was profit-  
ed by that great book,' he was becom-  
ing very weak minded; that every  
American patriot ought to blush at  
John Adams' statement: 'The Bible is  
the best book of the world'; that the  
lion-hearted Andrew Jackson turned in-  
to a coward when he said, 'That book,  
sir, is the rock upon which our repub-  
lic rests'; that Daniel Webster, the  
greatest lawyer of his time, had resign-  
ed his logic and his intellectual power  
when he said, 'My heart assures and  
reassures me, that the gospel of Jesus  
Christ must be a divine reality'; that  
William H. Seward, the diplomatist of  
the century, only showed his puerility  
when he declared, 'The whole hope of  
human progress is suspended on the  
ever-growing influences of the Bible';  
and that your mother sat with a pack  
of lies on her lap while reading of hea-  
ven, and this book having deceived the  
mighty intellects of the past, must no  
longer be antagonistic to man's lib-  
erty, woman's honor and the world's  
happiness."

He said that our God was "not only  
ignorant," but "infinitely cruel"; "an  
impossible monster," and he defiantly  
declared "I hate this God." But worst  
of all from a platform in New York  
City he advocated self-destruction, sui-  
cide. Oh, how sad that he ever gave  
utterance to this last thought.

His attacks on Christianity have  
been answered time and again, suc-  
cessfully, not only by cler-  
gymen, but by lawyers, statesmen and  
scholars. And though he has insulted  
my Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ,  
though he has blasphemed and misrep-  
resented my God's book of revelation,  
yet to-day as he lies in his coffin, I  
have no enmity against him; I forgive  
him, and it is with sorrow in my heart  
when I think of how this man, with  
language, with ready wit, with a  
brilliant intellect, and a fine personal  
appearance, devoted so much of his  
time to shake men's faith in that reli-  
gion, "to which," says General Grant,  
"we owe our national prosperity, and  
to which we must look in the future."  
His time in this occupation was worse  
than thrown away; for Christianity has  
marched steadily on to victory, and  
128,000,000 of Christians have been re-  
ceived into the church since Ingersoll  
came into the world, and for nearly  
every hour in the day the year around,  
a new church is being dedicated to  
Christ, the Methodist church alone av-  
eraging four per day.

#### His Labors Wasted.

Oh, how hard he labored to make the  
world believe that the Bible is an ob-  
solete book, crushed beneath the wheels  
of science and reason. And yet since  
Ingersoll came into the world Bible so-  
cieties have printed and sold 108,900,000  
Bibles, to any nothing of the unknown  
millions which have been printed and  
sold by private publishers throughout  
the world. These facts prove that his  
life as a would-be iconoclast has been  
wasted; yes, worse than wasted. In-  
gersoll is no more than a "dead Lord  
impotent," as Garfield said, "still reli-  
gious," and he will make the wrath of  
this man to praise him. This was true  
in the case of Tom Paine; it was true  
of Voltaire and Hobbs, and the Ency-

Kraus Bros.

Kraus Bros.

# Cool Clothes

## FOR THIS HOT SPELL

is what we have in almost endless variety. In  
fact, getting in new things in SUMMER WEAR  
almost every day.

## Before You Take Your Summer Outing

come and see what we can do for you to help  
you LOOK STYLISH, COMFORTABLE, CON-  
TENTED. Biggest and best assortment of  
Summer Clothing in the city.

# KRAUS BROS.,

WHEELING'S FOREMOST CLOTHIERS,

Strictly One Price.

1319 Market Street.

### SEVERAL CHANGES

In Linsly Institute's Management.  
Messrs W. H. Hearn and B. W.  
Peterson, the New Trustees—Pro-  
spects for the School Year of a  
Bright hue.

The new catalogue of the Linsly  
Institute contain several changes, which  
will be noted by all interested in edu-  
cational work.

A glance at the book will reveal at  
once the absence of the name of Hon.  
A. W. Campbell, who formerly stood at  
the head of the board of trustees. But  
a worthy successor is found in the  
name of Mr. A. J. Clarke, while Rev.  
Jacob Brittingham appears, for the  
first time, as vice president. Dr. John  
L. Dickey continues as secretary, and  
Mr. R. C. Dalsell as treasurer. Two  
new names appear among the mem-  
bers, by the selection of whom, the  
wisdom of the board was demon-  
strated. They are Mr. William H. Hearn  
and Mr. B. Walker Peterson.

The resignation of Dr. John M. Birch  
as principal, causes the name of Lieut.  
B. C. Dent, U. S. N., to stand at the  
head of the faculty. With him are as-  
sociated Leo R. Brilles, A. M., William  
H. Hill, A. B., and Jesse B. Churchill,  
B. S.

The curriculum has been re-arranged  
and a post graduate course offered to  
graduates of this and other institu-  
tions.

The fall term is announced to begin  
on Monday, September 11, and the ca-  
dets will be in military camp from this  
date to the 18th.

#### A BIG AFFAIR

Will be the Annual Picnic by the  
Butchers on Thursday.

The prospects are that the picnic to  
be given on Thursday at the State Fair  
Grounds by the Retail Butchers' Pro-  
tective Association, will be a big suc-  
cess. The preparations are complete,  
and the character of the programme is  
such as to guarantee a big crowd of  
the friends of the members of the or-  
ganization. The street parade will oc-  
cur shortly before noon and will ar-  
rive at the picnic at noon. Immediately  
following, the barbecue, for which  
five fine acres are secured, will be held,  
and at 2 o'clock the races will begin.  
Two of the horse races are open to the  
public and one is limited to butchers'  
horses. One of the two open races is a  
2:20 pace, the other a running race. One  
of the racing features will be a go be-  
tween a horse and Henry, the Bridge-  
port foot racer. Henry goes a quarter  
of a mile and the horse a half mile.  
A cake walk will be one of the amus-  
ing features of the occasion, and the  
usual calf and lamb-killing contest will  
be of extraordinary interest. Bicycle  
races for boys between the ages of  
twelve and fifteen years and other at-  
tractions will complete the pro-  
gramme.

Charles Rohrig is chief marshal of  
the parade. W. E. Bowers, J. C. Med-  
lock, B. Gardner, John Rehn are aides;  
Charles Kalbitzer is adjutant, and  
Fred, Adolph, Henry Zilles and George  
Hell are Bridgeport aides. A uniform  
of white caps and coats worn by the  
participants in the parade will be an  
attractive feature.

PERSONS troubled with diarrhoea  
will be interested in the experience of  
Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dor-  
rance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For  
several years I have been almost a con-  
stant sufferer from diarrhoea, the fre-  
quent attacks completely prostrating  
me and rendering me unfit for my du-  
ties at this hotel. About two years ago  
a traveling salesman kindly gave me a  
small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic,  
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much  
to my surprise and delight its effects  
were immediate. Whenever I felt  
symptoms of the disease I would fortify  
myself against the attack with a few  
doses of this valuable remedy. The  
result has been very satisfactory and  
almost complete relief from the afflic-  
tion." For sale by druggists.

BREAD winners should see they get  
Wheeling Bakery Bread. Cheapest be-  
cause it is best.

#### FAMILY WASHING.

Rough Dry Washed, Starched and  
Dyed 8 cents per pound.  
Flat Work, Washed and Ironed, 8  
cents per pound.  
All hand work finished 10 cents per  
pound. At  
Home Steam Laundry.

THE pleasure of eating bread is per-  
fect when the bread is Wheeling Bak-  
ery's. It's sure to suit and you don't  
tire of it.

Marquette, on Lake Superior  
Is one of the most charming summer  
resorts reached via the Chicago, Mil-  
waukee and St. Paul Railway.

Its healthful location, beautiful sce-  
nery, good hotels and complete immu-  
nity from any fever make a summer out-  
ing at Marquette, Mich., very attrac-  
tive from the standpoint of health, rest  
and comfort.

For particulars apply to the nearest  
ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heaf-  
ford, General Passenger Agent, Chi-  
cago, Ill.

clopedists of England, and Mirabeau,  
and it will be true of Ingersoll. As our  
text says, "He shall fly away as a  
dream and shall not be found."

But Christianity with a prayer on her  
lip; a benediction on her brow, and  
with both hands full of help; the moth-  
er of thousands of colleges; the mother  
of thousands of orphanages, and asyl-  
ums for the oppressed, the blind, the  
sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother  
of thousands of reformatory institu-  
tions for saving the lost; the mother of  
innumerable Sabbath schools training  
our children for respectability and use-  
fulness, this Christianity, our blessed  
Christianity, will march on conquering  
and to conquer, with the weapons of  
truth and love until every "knee shall  
bow to Jesus and every tongue confess  
him Lord of all."

And amid the trials and sorrows of  
life when men want comfort, and peace  
and wisdom they will go to the Bible,  
not to Paine's Age of Reason; to the  
Bible, not to anyone of Voltaire's 269  
volumes; to the Bible, not to Ingersoll's  
"Ghosts," or his "Skulls," or his "Mis-  
takes of Moses." Ah, when these shall  
have been relegated to the abode of the  
owls and the bats, the Bible will have  
greater influence than at the present  
time.

And now it is all over; "the silver  
cord has been loosed, the golden bowl  
broken." "Man is like to vanity. His  
days are as a shadow that passeth  
away." With no tender farewell, with  
no expressed hope of meeting his dear  
wife and children again, Ingersoll bowed  
his head and gave up the ghost. He  
lived a Christless life, he died a Christ-  
less death; he shall lie in a Christless  
grave. How dark! How sad! Speak  
softly, tread lightly, think solemnly, for  
we are in the presence of the dead!  
Take the time to look at his splendid form.  
Gently close his coffin, and take all  
that remains mortal of him to his rest-  
ing place in Sleepy Hollow cemetery.  
"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust  
to dust." "This is the end of all the  
living; may the living lay it to heart."

But when that coffin goes out of the  
front door and down the steps it leaves  
a house lonesome, with no hope, no B-  
ible, no Christ. How dark! How sad!  
Who can give any comfort and conso-  
lation to Ingersoll's wife and children  
as they look upon his face for the last  
time, or as his coffin is lowered into the  
grave. The "life that was a dark vale  
between two barren peaks of eternity"  
is ended. "They which have seen him  
shall say where is he? He shall fly  
away like a dream, and shall not be  
found."

#### BRAINS REPAIRED.

Polished and Sharpened by an Expert.

What are brains made of?  
Albumen and delicate particles of  
Phosphate of Potash. Chemical exam-  
ination of the perspiration and urine  
will determine the amount of recent  
brain work, by the amount of Phos-  
phate of Potash found, for these deli-  
cate particles are thrown out from  
brain and nerve centers during nervous  
activity, and find their way back to  
earth through pores, kidneys, bowels,  
etc.

There is but one true way to repair  
the daily losses, and that way is to  
furnish the body with food containing a  
sufficient amount of these two ele-  
ments. When the brain is not properly  
fed, the evidence is shown by a grad-  
ual decrease in the mental and physi-  
cal powers of the body.

A food expert of the Postum Cereal  
Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich., has  
prepared a crisp, dainty and delicious  
food for the express purpose of quickly  
and surely rebuilding the brain and  
nerve centers and has given it the name  
of Grape-Nuts.

This food is made by selecting the  
proper parts of grains, and treating  
them by heat, moisture and time in  
practically the same manner. Nature  
does in the human body during the  
first part of digestion. The result is  
that the finished food not only contains  
the needed elements for brain building,  
but they are ready to be presented to  
Mother Nature in such a shape that  
she quickly absorbs and uses them.  
The good, solid, substantial results ob-  
tained every day by people who use  
Grape-Nuts, prove the facts.

The new food is found in all first-  
class grocery stores, and is one of the  
most toothsome and palatable novelties  
yet produced. In the way of food, re-  
quiring no cooking or preparation of  
any sort, but, on the contrary, it is  
ready for immediate use and suited to  
the athlete, brain worker, epicure, or  
invalid.

IT don't pay to bake when you can  
buy Wheeling Bakery Bread from your  
grocer.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.  
Excursions to Atlantic City and Sea-  
shore, at Very Low Rates, Thurs-  
days, July 28, August 10 and 24.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has  
arranged a series of popular seashore  
excursions, to be run Thursdays, July  
27, August 10 and 24, to Atlantic City,  
Cape May, Sea Isle City, Ocean City,  
N. J., and Ocean City, Md. Tickets will  
be good fifteen (15) days, including day  
of sale.

Stop overs will be allowed on return  
trip "at Philadelphia, Baltimore and  
Washington on tickets sold to New Jer-  
sey resorts and at Baltimore and Wash-  
ington on tickets sold to Ocean City,  
Maryland.

Tickets will be sold on above dates  
from Wheeling for \$10 round trip for  
trains leaving at 12:25 and 5:25 a. m.,  
3:30 and 6:20 p. m.

Call on or address T. C. Burke, pas-  
senger and ticket agent, Baltimore &  
Ohio railroad for tickets and full infor-  
mation.

NOBODY should miss the killing  
contest at the Butchers' picnic on the  
27th.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for Stomach  
and Liver Ills.